Shooting at the Mark

A good many members and friends must have been startled to hear in the news broadcast or to read in their post-Christmas newspapers that Toc H had been reported to the Department of Economic Affairs because of a proposed small increase in the standard weekly rate at some of our Marks. Whether this protest was sent out of devilment or disgruntlement is not yet known! Whatever the motive, a closely reasoned justification for the increase has been sent to the D. of E. A. The plain unavoidable fact is that in the last financial year our Marks showed a deficit of over £3,000, far more than the Movement or its friends can continue to bear. We hope to publish in a forthcoming issue a detailed explanation of the economic problems confronting the Marks at the present time. This brief news item certainly caught the attention of the Press, including one reporter who rang up to ask, apparently in all seriousness, how many marks a young man needed to qualify as a Marksman!

A 'Pat' Leonard Memoir

The Rev. Philip Leonard-Johnson, recently returned from East Africa, is gathering material for a memoir of his father-in-law, the late Bishop M. P. G. ('PAT') LEONARD. Old friends who have letters or reminiscences concerning 'Pat' will be glad of this opportunity to contribute to the record of a man whose influence on Toc H in its formative years was profound. Correspondence should be sent, please, to Mr. Leonard-Johnson at Becket's Well, Wymondham, Norfolk.

Girdling the Globe

When news came that FRANCIS CHICHESTER on his lone voyage round the world was nearing Sydney, we wondered if he would get there by the time of the World Chain of Light which was starting and finishing in nearby Canberra on December 11/12. So far as we can judge, he must have been sailing into Sydney Harbour just about the time when the Light, having completed its twenty-four hour circuit of the globe, was returning to Canberra. It is nice to think that the two travellers, the one eastward bound and the other westward, should coincide so neatly.

A Wing and a Prayer

Among the many press cuttings describing local Branch observations of the World Chain of Light, one which especially attracted our notice came from a northern paper. It was headlined "Chain of Flight," and after describing all that took place it concluded most suitably with the information that family prayers were conducted by the Branch pilot.

Gift of Tongues

The November JOURNAL reported that details of a Toc H school holidays project in Birmingham had to be given in Urdu and Hindi. Now a further linguistic hazard has come our way. It is a press cutting from the *North Wales Chronicle*, headed Noson Lawen, and the opening paragraph reads:

Wythnos i neithiwr cafwyd Noson Lawen lwyddianus yn Plas-y-Llan Llanfairfechan, gan cwmni ifanc Toc H, Bangor, dan arweiniad y caplan, Parch. T. Glyndwr Williams, Church Hostel, Bangor. They can say so without fear of contradiction from us.

Well Appointed

The appointment of PENRY JONES as the new Head of Religious Broadcasting at the BBC will give immense pleasure to his Toc H friends, including those who heard his address at the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in the City Temple or who subsequently read it in the July 1965 issue of the JOURNAL. He is the first non-Anglican to occupy the post and only the second layman. His experiences with the Iona Community, as pioneer of *Sunday Break* on ABC television and, more recently, as Religious Adviser to the Independent Television Authority, will stand him in good stead. It will not be a simple task, for he does not expect the problems of religious broadcasting to become any easier during the next few years. He says that if the BBC Religious Affairs Department is to do its proper job and reach people who are unlikely to go to church, and help them to a lively understanding of God and their neighbour, then the Churches themselves will have to be forbearing. In considering the problems as well as the opportunities of religious broadcasting, one is reminded of that relevant saying of G. K. Chesterton's, something to the effect that "A man can speak to the whole world—now that Man has nothing to say". Of course G. K. C. knew that it isn't as simple as all that. It's not just a matter of what to say—it's also a matter of people having ears to hear and eyes to see. Even our Lord felt compelled to say "Seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand". Therefore we shall not demand miracles, but at least from Penry we may confidently expect a faithful and adventurous witness. ¶

Bats

When the small boy three doors away was egged on by his young friend to jump off a wall, resulting in a broken arm, we were intrigued when the real blame was put on a character called BATMAN. We therefore felt it our civic duty to find out who Batman was and, having watched the TV programme of that name, we feel that duty could scarce have gone further. This hero's farcical adventures are accompanied by sentiments of awful priggishness which in any Sunday school teacher would merit instant debagging. We would be all in favour, with a *Wham!*, a *Pow!* and a *Zowie!* thrown in.

THE EDITOR

Hovis

the golden hearted taste

EDUCATION IS AN ART—II

HARRY GELL

Concluding the study which began in the January JOURNAL.

MANY MEMBERS of Toc H who know its philosophy well will have said, while they were reading this analysis of educational aims, "But this is what Toc H is about". There is a great similarity in both aims and methods. Toc H can truly be called an educational movement. It is idealistic and therefore its aims, like those of education, are unachievable. Any progress towards their realisation is extremely difficult to prove, whereas the cynic or the sceptic can with ease dispute that there are any results at all. Those who achieve anything in either field are motivated and sustained by a philosophy, and their greatest quality is stickability, a quality most rarely come by in the modern world. Someone has said that one of the greatest tools of a leader is his will-power. In matters idealistic it is belief in the philosophy, and the will not to be deflected from that belief, which really accomplish things.

Although one is driven forward by a belief, much of the detail of what one does in Toc H is intuitive and empiric. What one does depends on what one believes and what one is. But when the moment for action or decision arrives, one cannot sit back and coldly analyse; one must make up one's mind and act by intuition, firm in the conviction that one's previous preparation and study of the philosophy will bring the right decision.

Education means the drawing out of personality. I believe that one of the fundamentals of Toc H is the development of the Christian belief that God is concerned with whole men. No man can be whole while he has undeveloped potential within him. The aims of Toc H and education in this realm are the same, the development, the drawing out of the full potential of men. Neither means the pumping-in of information, beliefs, doctrines, ideals or techniques, discovered by other men and superimposed on a willing member. Men must arrive at their own convictions. They are more likely to find them and to be assured within themselves that they are valid convictions if they are a natural development of themselves and their own thinking, rather than the imposed beliefs of others.

The method of education is to provide experience and it has always been the method of Toc H to present a man with an experience, almost to plunge a man into an experience. It may be the experience of warm and significant relations within a smallish community. It may be the experience of the discovery of one's powers by doing something. It may be the experience of the arrival at an awareness of the needs of others. It is only after experience of some kind that a philosophy of life will become relevant. It is only experience which can bring significance and meaning to a creed, a professed way of life. It is worth repeating, too, that significance and meaning are themselves worthless unless they are assimilated within one's personality, within one's inmost life. As in education, the experience will usually come first; the need for significance and meaning a late second.

There seem to me to be some immediate lessons for Toc H in this thesis. The first is that the philosophy of the Movement must be clearly known and understood*. This is not to say that every member must believe in or subscribe to a uniform doctrine. In fact part of the philosophy is the very opposite. Members will lay different emphases on different parts; they will express their philosophy in different ways. But they will know the philosophy. Toc H cannot continue much longer without a much more general knowledge of it.

* See especially "Toc H Under Weigh" by Peter Monie, 1s. 6d.; "Second Wind" by John Callf, 3s. 6d.; "The Four Points of the Compass" by John Durham, 1s. 6d.; all available from Toc H Publications Department.

The second lesson is that towards this end any training undertaken should have regard to the educational process of drawing-out. Training does not consist of passively listening to pundits. It comes from an active involvement in thought and discovery. The current method in adult education is that of the small tutor group. The best method of training in Toc H is for members to wrestle out their own beliefs and convictions about the Movement in discussion. There is as little place for the mere pumping-in of information in Toc H as there is in education.

What the world needs is a population of men of character. The opportunities and challenges of modern life can only be met if every single human being can realise his own potential. If one looks widely over the world, it would seem to be an impossible task to realise the total of human potential. But the more each individual realises his own, the more these opportunities and challenges can be met. The more education achieves its aim of developing personality, the more achievement in knowledge, human relations and stability will issue. And Toc H in its small sphere can help, with one great advantage, that it has a base in spiritual things from which to work.

[Concluded]

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON OVERSTRAND

GORDON MINSHULL

Gordon is Chairman of Constable Divisional Executive, East Anglian Area, and a Methodist local preacher.

THE EAST ANGLIAN AREA has just held its bi-annual Conference at Overstrand under the leadership of Regional Padre John Hull. It was a splendid Conference, and the first to which the ladies have been invited.

The whole of the Sunday morning was devoted to the subject "Humanism and Christianity", when it was pointed out that Toc H had always been a God-fearing Christian Movement, proud of its Main Resolution, Ceremony of Light, Family Prayers, and Rededication Services. The danger was that some of the worldliness of the world would rub off on Toc H, changing it from a society of Christians to a society of humanists, and that it would tend to let go of some of its Christian ideals in the process.

The Conference agreed, and members expressed their determination to see that this did not happen. We were all quite convinced that Toc H must hold fast to all its cherished beliefs and traditions and not allow the humanist, atheist, or agnostic to interfere with them in any way.

From the discussions it became crystal clear that Toc H must throw open its doors to all men everywhere (without necessarily enrolling them as members)—to the humanist, the Jew, the Muslim, and to any man who found fellowship in the Branch and wished to share in its service to the community. Not even the scoundrel should be excluded, for he could not dent the surface of a good Branch, and might well have his own corners knocked off!

Problems of Conscience

There would, however, now be the danger that the chap who felt he could not conscientiously sign a membership form would feel himself outside the barrier and not really one of the Branch. This might at the very least cause him to lose interest and then to turn aside. Cases were mentioned of many men (including a padre) who could not conscientiously sign the form, and so we came to the startling and pertinent question; is the membership form really necessary? Does it do more harm than good? What is the alternative?

The alternative is that all Branches would have to ensure that the fundamentals of Toc H were unalterable; that the soul of the Movement was inviolable. Then a newcomer to the Branch would have to prove by the man he was and the things he did or the person he became that he was ultimately fit to be commissioned with the Toc H badge—the positive sign of Toc H membership. Just as a boy gains his colours at school by proving his ability in the field, or as a cricketer gains his County cap.

Think of the lessening of paper work at H.Q.! No more issuing of useless membership cards. No more insidious Branch Rolls to worry about. No more unfair statistics to columnise in the Annual Report.

What is even more important, Toc H, itself committed to the breaking down of barriers, would here break down a further barrier—between men of like minds. It was a far better man than me who said: "Whosoever will, may come".

The Secret of Survival

RON CARPENTER

MY THREE AND A HALF YEARS in Japanese Prisoner of War Camps at the age of thirty-four taught me much about the question of survival. As one of the 'Other Ranks', with constant daily work from dawn to dusk, and systematic slow starvation, I was fortunate to be endowed with a heart and constitution that stood up to the loss of one third of my normal weight.

It was only one out of every five P.o.W's who returned from this Far Eastern Campaign. Post mortems (more or less in the field) revealed that the human body, prior to death from malnutrition, lives first upon the fat around the heart, and then on that of the brain. The slowness of this kind of death was perhaps the greatest torture of all. Young men gradually became very old as they stepped along the road to eternity. There were no sudden, violent deaths: men did not become brutalised or hysterical. The courage was superb, with a pathetic dignity which produced a smile of welcome when that was all there was left to give. To have lived through all this and to have survived with little after-effect brings a great debt of gratitude.

My experiences in Toc H up to the time of the second World War did much to fortify me in those dark days. They were not so dark when one was able to share the great companionship of the vast mixture of men and races who were all together in the same boat, and when one was able to keep working in spite of the conditions, but were so much worse when one was smitten by one or other of the many tropical diseases and had to be 'E.D.'—excused duty. Those were the times of real testing—monotony, less food ("If you don't work you don't need so much rice", was a rigid rule), and lack of sunshine. If you were unable to walk and had to lie on the bamboo slats roughly shaped into beds, or on the concrete, then you were truly on your own. There were so many breakdowns, your friends were dreadfully weak and weary, and you just didn't know how you were going to get through the day. The shadows became darker and the nights and days longer as men slowly entered the valley between life and death.

It was at this stage that the mind fed the body. Memories and day dreams merged into fantasy until merciful weakness brought sleep and coma, with release from the confines of these unfenced camps. One lived again with friends and relatives at home.

I was indeed fortunate in all the rich experiences I had shared with the men who had taught me Toc H and its principles, which

led in turn to the discovery of my own capacities. When I first became regimented in the R.A.F. as a number I felt that I had lost my identity. But this was not so. Under the conditions of war we really *find* ourselves. In the great uprooting there were the demands upon one's personal resources—the ability to learn and move quickly, either in formation or individually with the responsibility expected from all with average intelligence. One learnt to appreciate the real quality of leadership and to discern the weakness of those called upon to lead without the essential qualities, above all an unfailing concern for the men under command — whether one was the humble N.C.O. or the Old Man himself.

Survival depended upon being able to forget about oneself as far as possible. The need and capacity for friendship was paramount. This living so dangerously, so near to God, gave men a quality and gentleness that can never be described. The pathetic frailty of the human body alongside the great resilience of the mind until the last flicker of life became, alas, almost a commonplace to witness.

It is good that today we are free survivors, left to grow old naturally. It is only young men and those who have never left these shores who call for convincing explanations of our Ceremony of Light. The greatest men of all were those companions of mine—a truly great mixture of men who gave not only service but their lives. They did not *want* to die, or perish so miserably.

To my mind the task of Toc H has always been to produce (not to re-produce) friendship at its most magnificent. Can this be achieved without great emotional, physical, mental or spiritual upheaval, and in normal, placid, peace-time life. Is it possible in a country that has produced a wonderful Welfare Society which, nevertheless, cushions all self-reliance from the nursery onwards?

Toc H in many communities is facing up to the question of survival. Faith and courage have been tested to the limit. There are many examples—for example the early stories of Etembeni, Dor Knap, Loch Eil, the Bristol and Croydon Centres. Small groups of men who have what it takes have won through. Every fading community has such men but they need a tangible objective which is worthy of them.

Soon after the war (my war) Fred Brooker introduced me to Leonard Cheshire and a project at Le Court, near Liss, in Hampshire. In spite of my war time service I rate this as one of the most wonderful experiences of my life, not only the privilege of knowing and working with this softly speaking, almost shy, man, but working on this fantastic and seemingly impossible scheme. Licking this vast old mansion into a home for chronic invalids of

Nothing inward-looking about the Coomb Cheshire Home Branch members! This was their stall on Open Day at Johnstown Old People's Home which they visit monthly. Photo: E. R. Phillips, Carmarthen.

all ages; no capital whatever; no well equipped staff; odd beds and furniture; cracked china and derelict cutlery. Not a vestige of common-sense—summonsed for not paying the rates.

But the character of the wonderful patients was revealed as they slowly emerged from wherever they had been imprisoned. Some had been chronic cases in wards for the senile; others had been 'looked after' in their inadequately equipped homes. But out of all this, and in spite of lack of fuel, an ancient generator, no proper sanitation, no transport, there emerged at Le Court a most wonderful fellowship never before experienced either by the patients or the band of helpers who miraculously appeared from all over the place —including the Continent. And other miracles —an anonymous parcel of old pound notes, totalling £100, for example.

Within a comparatively short time the Cheshire Foundation has become an empire. Over eighty homes here and abroad serve a pitiful fragment of the many in need of such help. "Independence Unlimited" is the name of one working group at Le Court which makes gadgets for deformed limbs.

This divine madness has unlocked the door of countless hearts and it is no effort to serve in any Cheshire Home. This has been so well expressed: "One arrives intending to give but leaves knowing that one has received."

A Cheshire Home is a 'must' in the education of our young recruits to Toc H. No probation forms will be needed, no laboured explanations as to the spirit of service; that will come so naturally and stay embedded for ever. Whatever I learnt about Toc H before and during the war, my experiences at Le Court taught me more.

This is Toc H, to me and for me. It must be passed on to youngsters who have not known or met it in this guise, though they must be allowed to build their own traditions in their own way. It is in great experiences and not in paltry jobmastery that the truths of Toc H will emerge, so we should see that such opportunities come their way. Let us send youngsters overseas on peaceful missions of construction where they can build their own fellowship amongst their companions. It is only thus that we can produce a mixture rich enough to equal that of our origins.

THE OLD HOUSE

AFTER ALL the excitement of the last two years in Poperinge—the Jubilee Celebrations, the Royal Visit, all the new developments over there—it comes as something of a shock to learn that Talbot House is basically insecure. To be exact, dry rot has attacked the ground floor.

Remedial action obviously had to be taken as quickly as possible and the cost considered later. There are no spare funds for such emergencies.

A few members of the founding generation, including the Founder Padre, are determined to see that the funds are forthcoming to enable them to hand on Talbot House to their successors in first class order, fit to serve the new generation as it served theirs though not, please God, in similar fashion. Something like £2/3,000 is obviously going to be needed.

Through Lancelot Prideaux-Brune, acting as their Honorary Treasurer, they are writing to as many of their contemporaries as they can trace. Anybody else who would like to help is invited to write to him at Toc H Headquarters. No general appeal is contemplated but such offers will be very welcome.

Legacies

The interest on the original Wakefield endowment fund, later augmented by a £5,000 grant from the Wolfson Foundation and, so far, by one legacy of £500, just about meets the running costs but no more. It is known that some other bequests to the Talbot House Endowment Fund have been promised. Any member of the 'Old Brigade' who would also like to make such provision for the future will be a welcome recruit.

F.C.C.

READERS COMMENT ON

THE NEW JOURNAL

We await with interest the general reaction to the new format of the 1967 JOURNAL. Meanwhile here are some views from people who saw a copy immediately after publication.

I THINK it is a great improvement on the pocket style, and even more so on the old 'yellow peril'! I find it much easier to read than the single column of the previous one.

March, Cambs. TREVOR EDWARDS

* * *

WHEN I took it out of the envelope I said "I don't like it!" There are so many magazines in this style and therefore there must be a good reason for it. True, one gets a bigger photograph or illustration, but when held in the hand it flops back and is too big to pop into pocket or hand-bag. I don't like the middle margin. When choosing a book I like the pages covered with print as in the old JOURNAL.

Sevenoaks. JOYCE DE LEVANTE

* * *

SIZE, shape or content makes no odds . . . it *is* the voice of Toc H. (Like all good things in life it improves if you take off the wrapping. After that those who do not like the magazine have one answer and I am sure you would be delighted to print it).

Dundee. JIM MCCLURE

* * *

IT CONFORMS more with 1967 than the 'old' style. There is surely something to be said for sizes that are too large to be thrust into pockets. At least they cannot moulder there, forgotten and not read.

Yes, I do like it and the more so as I browse through it. One sees it too as a form and style which will lend itself as an integrated JOURNAL for an integrated Movement!

P.S. I hope there will always be room for Ernie. He and I are soul mates!

Thames Ditton. BILL VERRALL

Specially drawn for the RNLI by Eric Fraser FSIA

her life is in your hands

almost as much as in his

In his work of rescue, the life-boatman needs your help. Your contributions are his sole support. Give now and help save lives.

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ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON S.W.1.
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Secretary: Stirling Whorlow, Esq.

RNLI

DOR KNAP — BOOKINGS FOR 1967

ALL THE INDICATIONS are that 1967 will be an even busier year at Dor Knap than preceding ones. Apart from a good variety of Area organised parties and the encouraging increased use of the Centre by Toc H Volunteers, it will be seen from the following list that there are some innovations this year. Artists (and aspiring artists), bird watchers, music lovers and tape enthusiasts are all catered for. These Central parties (printed in heavy type) will, it is hoped, have a wide appeal and applications for places should be made as early as possible to the leader of the party concerned or through Cyril Cattell at Toc H Headquarters.

Those wishing to be included (vacancies permitting) in an Area party other than that organised by their own Area should apply to the Regional staff member, as appropriate (see diary for names and addresses).

C. A. C.

February

W/E 17-19 Surrey Joint Units
W/E 24-26 **Toc H Volunteers and Marksmen**

March

W/E 3- 5 Western Regional Councillors and Staff
W/E 10-12 **Toc H Volunteers and Marksmen**
W/E 17-19 Beds & Herts Area
W 24-28 **Schools and Projects**
W 31-Apr 5 **Schools and Projects**

April

W/E 7- 9 Surrey and Northern Areas
W/E 14-16 Central Council (no booking)
W 17-21 Portsdown Modern School for Boys
21-26 (Fri-Wed) **"Painting for Pleasure" "Bird Watching with a Purpose"** (Leaders: Col. J. A. Davies, Tom L. Bartlett)
W/E 28-29 Stubbings C.E.M.S.
W/E 29-30 Western Area A.G.M.

May

W 1- 5 Churchill Secondary School
W/E 5- 7 Central Executive
W/E 12-14 (Whitsun) Northern London Area
W/E 19-21 Spring Parks District, S. London
W/E **26-29** **Open Day, Spring Bank Holiday, May 29** (Leaders: Cyril Cattell, Les Wheatley)

June

W/E 2- 4 Oxford & Thames Valley Area
W 5- 9 North End Modern School
W/E 9-11 South Western Area with Manchester District
W/E 16-18 Eastern London and West Midlands Areas
W 19-23 Sutton County Secondary School
W/E 23-25 Southern Area
W/E **30-July 2** **Toc H Volunteers and Branch members** (Leaders: Bridget Pulvermacher, John Gingell)

July

W/E **7- 9** **"Taping Toc H"** (Leaders: Harry Gell, Cyril Cattell)
W 10-14 (Mon-Fri) Portsea Secondary School
W/E **29-30** **Bordon Company**

August

W 5-12 South Wales & Monmouthshire with Toc H Volunteers (Leader: George Atkinson)
W **12-19** **Seniors' Week** (Leader: John Calif)
W **19-26** **Warden's Week** (Leader: Tommy Trinder)
W 26-Sept 1 South Wales & Monmouthshire (Leader: George Atkinson)

September

W/E 1- 3 North Wales
4- 6 (Mon-Wed) Joint Meeting of Western and Midland Regional Teams
W/E **8-10** **"Music Making"** (Leader: John Hull)
W/E 15-17 Lincolnshire Area
W/E 22-24 Kent and Western London Areas
W/E 29-Oct 1 Southern Area

October

W/E **6- 8** **"For Agnostics, Atheists, Christians and Humanists"** (Leader: Bob Knight)
W/E 13-15 Beds & Herts Area with Toc H Volunteers and Marksmen
W/E 27-29 Central Executive

November

W/E **3- 5** **Toc H Volunteers and Marksmen**
W/E 10-12 Bristol University Circle
14-16 (Tues-Thurs) South Eastern Regional Team
W/E 17-19 Clayton Volunteers

W/E = weekend W = week

The Song of Dor Knap—II

JOHN CALLF

Concluding the article which began last month.

AND SO to the Tudors. At the time of the Disestablishment under Henry VIII the abbeys were plundered and the churches robbed. There is a story that the vessels and plate of Broadway church were hidden in the grounds of Dor Knap and that at night a bell may still occasionally be heard. We have no supporting evidence to offer!

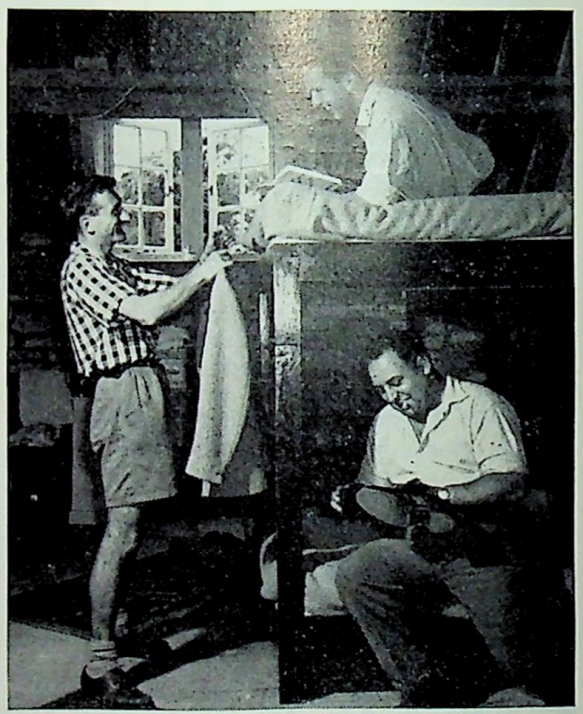
It was round about this time that William Tyndale frequently stayed with his friend and former tutor, the Rector of Weston Subedge, just outside Broadway, whilst he worked on the first translation into English of the New Testament. At his martyrdom in 1536 his last words were: "Lord! Open the King of England's eyes". Within a year by the King's command a bible was placed in every parish church.

In Elizabeth's reign our greatest English poet must have known this valley well, and doubtless as he travelled between Stratford and Evesham his eye would rest upon that little farmstead on the hill above Broadway. In those days the road from Worcester to London followed the line of Conygree Lane, which is the first part of the present Dor Knap drive after entering the lodge gates, so the chances are that William Shakespeare saw Dor Knap from very close quarters indeed. Nothing of the original Saxon building is left today, but it must have been about this time that the oldest part of the present house was built—the oak-beamed 'quiet room', with its ingle-nook and a small window which is a relic of the days when glass was too expensive a commodity for little farmsteads.

During the Civil War Parliamentarian and Royalist forces came and went, and it was from the tower of distant Worcester Cathedral that Cromwell saw that "crowning mercy", his final defeat of the Royalist forces in the battle of Worcester, whence Charles II fled to his hiding place in Boscobel Oak.

And so to the gentler times of the eighteenth century, when a young Church of England clergyman, John Wesley, would travel from Oxford to take delight in preaching in old Broadway parish church, and who later in life inspired a religious revival which, some say, saved England from horrors equivalent to those of the French Revolution. No longer were wars fought on English soil but in later generations on church wall and village green were memorials testifying that men were still ready to die on the seas and in foreign lands for what they felt to be the cause of justice and liberty.

Seeing all this with the mind's eye as one looks westward, one sees too the great hump



The old shepherds' bothy has a new use. Photo: Sunday Mercury, Birmingham.

of Bredon Hill rising from the plain. In his *Summer Time on Bredon* the poet Housman has captured the timeless quality of the life that is England. To lie in the grass on the top of Broadway Hill listening to the hum of insects, the distant throb of the tractor and the barking of a dog in the farmyard below makes one poet enough to think gratefully of Ancient Briton, Roman, Saxon, Norman, poet and peasant, warrior and martyr, and all who have played a part in the pageant of history enacted throughout the centuries, around where Dor Knap now stands.

The story is not yet complete. World War II left its mark—three huge German bomb craters in the field overlooking Kite's Nest, not two hundred yards from Dor Knap, and there is a tale of German spies captured in the woods behind which still awaits a chronicler.

Our reverie is nearly ended. One cannot call it a history, for a real historian would do far better justice to his subject. There is just one more invasion to record, and that was in 1958, when Dor Knap in the ancient territory of the Hwicce was occupied by members of a society with the equally outlandish name of Toc H. That they took Dor Knap to their hearts is well known. That Dor Knap has taken them to its heart is equally certain. And so for a chapter of time it is for the members of Toc H to write its history. How important this chapter may prove for the country, for the world, who can tell?

For centuries before us others have laboured, and now we are entered into their labours. Call it tradition, call it social immortality, call it the collective unconscious —we know instinctively that Dor Knap is reminding us of the great men of every generation who now lie buried in English earth, who lived and died for all that is best in our national life. Sometimes we call them the Elder Brethren.

[*Concluded*]

A Charm

RUDYARD KIPLING

This poem is reprinted by permission of Mrs. George Bambridge and Macmillan & Co. Ltd.

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath.
Not the great nor well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.
Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart!

It shall sweeten and make whole
Fevered breath and festered soul.
It shall mightily restrain
Over-busied hand and brain.
It shall ease thy mortal strife
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,
Till thyself, restored, shall prove
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these —
Spring's full-faced primroses,
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illume,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide,
For these simples used aright,
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify
Webbed and inward-turning eye;
These shall show thee treasure hid,
Thy familiar fields amid;
And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed!

Around the World *Toc H Overseas*

VOLUNTEERS—SOUTH AFRICA

At its annual meeting in September the South African Council of Toc H decided to promote the formation of youth service teams along the lines of Mobile Action. Twenty-four-year-old Geoff Brand, whose appointment to the staff in the Republic was made possible by the generosity of an anonymous member in Britain, is in charge of this new development which owes much to Alec Churcher's inspiration and preliminary spadework.

Within a month Geoff had formed the first team in East London. It lost no time in getting to work and its projects to date include laying a path at a school for handicapped children, entertaining the kiddies there, and the inmates of an old-age home and, in co-operation with a Toc H Branch, giving a Guy Fawkes party at an orphanage.

Having moved to Port Elizabeth, Geoff was soon able to report the establishment of the second group of Toc H Volunteers, as they prefer to be called. Over forty young folk of both sexes attended the inaugural meeting in November and were soon enthusiastically planning their first operation—at a cerebral palsy institution. There is a distinct possibility of a second group in Port Elizabeth.

OSSIE JOSEPH

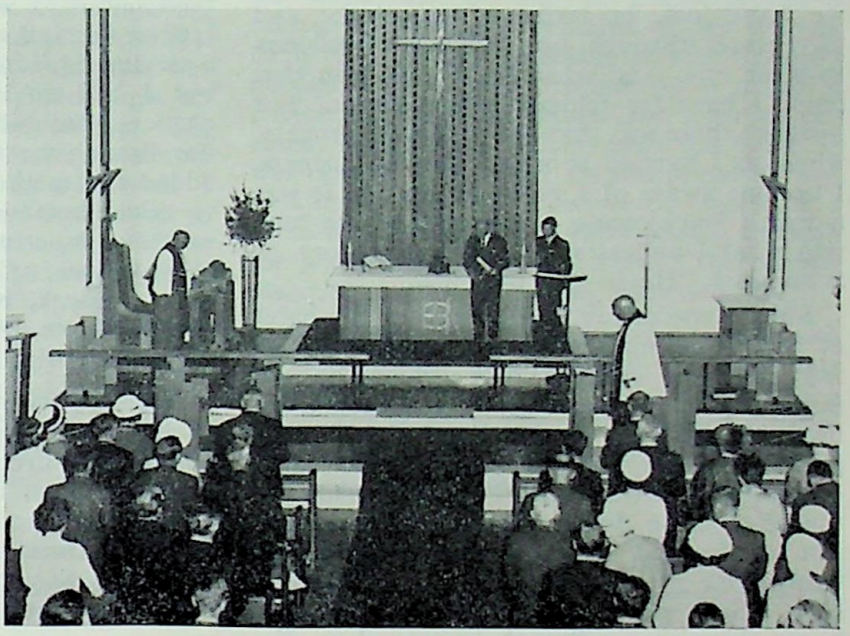
Toc H Staff, Eastern Province

The Toc H Volunteers at work at McClelland's Home, East London, while Geoff Brand (extreme right) leans on his shovel! Photo: Daily Despatch, East London.

WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

A despatch from Harley McKean, Canberra Branch Secretary, reports on the World Chain of Light which started there on December 11, and the twenty - four - hour Vigil which followed.

The Chain started at an impressive service in the Chapel of the Royal Military College, Duntroon. The Governor General of Australia, H.E. the Rt. Hon. Lord Casey, an old friend of Toc H, himself took the Ceremony of Light. Bishop Clement, a member of the Australian Guard of the Lamp, and the Canberra Branch Padre and Chairman, the Rev. Cyril Reeve, also took part in the service. A fine gathering included George Skewes, Toc H Australian Commissioner, who had travelled from Melbourne, and Doug Hook, the New South Wales Commissioner from Sydney.



H.E. the Governor General, Lord Casey, after lighting the Lamp. Bishop Clement is on the left, Padre Cyril Reeve on the right.

SEND A FAMILY ON A CARAVAN HOLIDAY

The Oxford & Thames Valley Area is again providing its 4-berth Caravan for letting to families with a mentally or physically handicapped member, and Branches are invited to sponsor such a family to spend a week in the picturesque town of Wallingford in the beautiful Thames Valley.

Through the co-operation and interest of Wallingford Borough Council this caravan is sited alongside the river within five minutes of the town centre, and is near the bathing pool and children's paddling pool.

The welfare of the visiting families will be personally taken care of by the members of Wallingford J o i n t Branch. Sponsoring Branches would be invited to contribute a minimum of £3 towards the running costs of this venture. Further particulars on application to the Caravan Secretary, Brian Sanders, 49 Chiltern Crescent, Wallingford, Berks.

A NAVAL OCCASION

FREDDIE PETCH

SOMEONE had been laying down the law about the "vital importance of establishing and maintaining effective lines of communication". We used to call it "keeping in touch", but he was probably right to dress it with a little dignity in these post-Jubilee days. In any case it had led me to recalling that the simplest way of making contact is to wear a badge. I have sometimes wondered how much we have lost, in terms of experience and adventure, through our frequent omissions to wear one. And what better cue than that could I have for relevant reminiscence? For instance there was that morning in Harrogate, when, as I hurried about my lawful business, I became aware of a voice calling out. It was a man's voice, quite powerful, and the tone was what I understand to be peremptory, as it shouted, "Hey!—you there!"

Since none of my friends was in the habit of addressing me thus sharply I did not feel any personal concern, but drawn by the insistency of the summons, I half turned my head towards the source. Immediately, the pointing finger and a triumphant "Ha!" brought realisation that I was, indeed, the object of these demonstrations. I found myself confronted by a stocky, middle-aged figure with greying hair and weather-beaten face. "Saw your badge," he said, "didn't know there was a Branch in this place. I'm an old sailor; known Tubby for years. Who are you?"

I introduced myself; confirmed that there was a Branch in Harrogate; admitted to being its secretary, but pleaded urgent business and promised to make contact later if he would give me his name and address. I pushed my brief case between my knees, dug into my pocket for an old envelope, found a pencil stub in another, took a deep breath and looked enquiringly towards him.

"Right," he said, "I'm Admiral Sir Robert Burnett. I'm with White Fisheries. You can reach me at the office. Right?" I was struggling simultaneously to pull myself to a rather untidy position of attention, raise my hat, call him "Sir", write his address on my crumpled envelope, yet drop nothing. But he had gone, leaving me somewhat limp. I hadn't known many Admirals and those I had met frightened me to death. I had no need to be reminded of Sir Robert's place in history as a fighting sailor.

That very night therefore I wrote to the "old sailor". I was not quite sure whether a retired Admiral retained the right to condemn a serving Squadron Leader to walk the plank, but I had no intention of giving him the chance. I assured him of a warm welcome at our Branch meeting place and rather timidly added that perhaps he might be kind enough to relate some of his undoubtedly exciting wartime experiences. He replied promptly, accepted the invitation, expressed his willingness to speak, but preferred, subject to my agreement, to offer us examples of how "God still struck with His power as of old".

A week or two later he came. It was my task to introduce him to the Branch. Somewhat anxious to correct the unfortunate impression I felt he must have retained from our first encounter, I had rehearsed the introduction scores of times in my head, but still doubted my ability to survive. In my mind I could still hear him shouting "Hey!—you there!"

I started. "Gentlemen, it is a great honour, etc., etc., etc. You will all be familiar with the exploits of Admiral Sir Robert Burnett, etc., etc., etc. . . ." I could feel his eyes on me, but by this time I was fully launched. There could be no turning back now. "Of course, gentlemen, we in Toc H do not attach undue importance to rank, and we hope that our distinguished visitor will allow us to address him simply as the 'Admiral'." I felt suddenly cold. A pair of eyebrows beetling generally in my direction convinced me that I had gone right over the top. I dried up. I waited for the reproof. The Admiral cleared his throat. He spoke. "Well, gentlemen,—I'm not sure about this Admiral business" (now I knew I was doomed) "I was introduced to

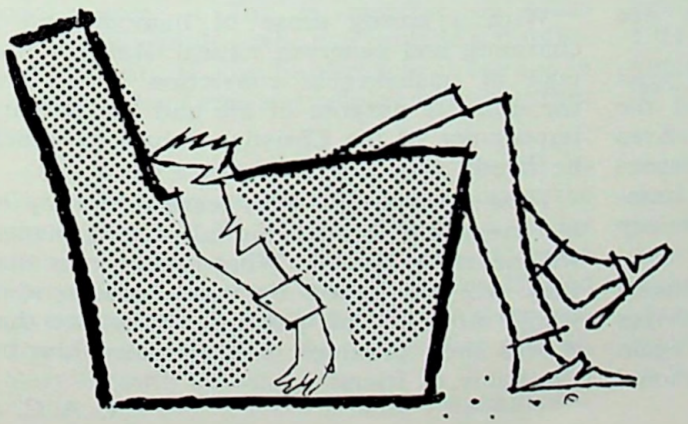
this Branch by Freddie; my name's Bob". Slowly the blood started to flow again in my veins. I sat down, and for the next hour I remained seated, with my friends, in pin-dropping silence, listening to Bob Burnett.

"We were chasing the *Scharnhorst,*" he said. "We lost her, and if there is one thing an Admiral mustn't do, it is to lose the ship he's chasing. I had no means of knowing where she would go, beyond her intention to get back eventually to Germany. I had to make a decision and there was nothing to guide me. I just did not know what to do, and I felt very lonely. At moments like this, Admirals do, you know. I walked to one end of the bridge. In the feeling that I had failed to do what was expected of me, I exclaimed aloud, with no conscious intention of appealing to Him, 'Oh, God, tell me what to do'. I have no simple explanation to offer of what followed. I would not presume to expect an answer to what was not truly a prayer. I only know that I ordered a certain course to be steered until a certain hour, after which it was to be changed to another which I gave. I forecast that we would sight the enemy by eleven a.m. I knew what my staff were thinking. I knew what the whole ship's company must be thinking, but, fortunately, there is only one Admiral and no one questioned my decision.

"The night passed slowly. Dawn broke but offered no sign of the enemy. Hour by hour the morning crept along. Nine a.m., ten a.m., ten-thirty, ten forty-five, ten fifty-five, and a shout from the look out. 'There she is!'—and there she was,—the *Scharnhorst.*"

Bob Burnett added nothing to that story. We asked no questions, but just sat enthralled as this great man spoke with such humility of these revelations of the power of God. There were other times too, like the occasion, when as Commodore of a convoy to Russia that had been badly battered by enemy attacks, half his ships lost, he had to decide between taking the shattered remains of his convoy back to Britain or pressing on with urgently needed munitions to Murmansk. A dreadful choice and dreadful odds. He went to his cabin. A Bible had fallen onto the bunk. It was open. He picked it up and found he was looking at the 43rd Chapter of Isaiah, at a verse which said "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee". The convoy steamed on; there were no more attacks.

My friends and I might never have known of these things; might never have met this remarkable man; might never have been privileged to know the unquestioning faith of an old sailor—if one chap had forgotten to wear his badge that day in Harrogate.



Ernie says:

"I'm afraid I never read the Bible. The Authorised Version's too archaic, and I just can't take to these modern translations."

. . . we will remember them

Brown—On December 23, Harry Brown, aged 55, of Mildenhall Branch. Elected 1962.

Clear—On December 18, Charles Thomas Philip Clear, aged 71, of Launceston Branch. Elected 1949.

Evans—On December 4, Robert Holland Evans, aged 63, a Central General member. Elected 1925.

Fitzhugh—On November 26, Reginald John Fitzhugh, aged 63, of Far Cotton Branch. Elected 1960.

Francis—On December 10, Leslie Samuel Christopher Francis, aged 69, a West Midlands Area member, Builders' Area Secretary, formerly of Kings Norton Branch. Elected 1952.

Hancox On November 8, Arthur George Hancox, aged 81, formerly of Stratford-upon-Avon Branch. Elected 1942.

McIlroy—On September 24, Isaac McIlroy, a founder member of Hamilton Branch. Elected 1930.

Mander—In July, George Gillard Ridge Mander, aged 77, of Norbury Branch. Elected 1937.

Murphy — On January 9, Christopher Robin Murphy, aged 31. Formerly member of Toc H staff in BAOR, staff man in Rhodesia and Zambia since 1964. Elected Pembury Branch 1952.

Ogden—In November, Herbert Ogden, aged 62, formerly of Northampton Branch. Elected 1948.

Pantlin—On December 5, Charles Willie Pantlin, aged 79, of Porlock Branch. Elected 1958.

Ryan—On December 9, James Bernard Ryan, a founder member of Crieff Branch. Elected 1932.

Smith—In November, William James Smith, aged 76, of Knowle Branch. Elected 1953.

Surmon — On December 1, Frederick George Surmon, aged 61, of Hammersmith Branch. Elected 1959.

Thorning—On November 28,Albert Edward John Thorning, aged 70, of Crownhill Branch. Elected 1954.

Tomlin—On November 28, William Edward Tomlin, aged 60, of Coney Hall Branch. Elected 1965.

Trenery—On February 17, 1966, Henry Major Trenery, aged 56, of Northampton Branch. Elected 1951.

Tweedley—On November 28, Rodger Tweedley, a founder member of Hamilton Branch. Elected 1929.

Tyrrell-Green—On December 20, the Rev. Henry Tyrrell-Green, aged 81, Padre of Brandon Branch. Elected 1921.

In Memoriam

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN MURPHY

ROBIN was outstanding in a variety of ways. The most obvious was his height. At six foot four-and-a-half inches he towered above most men, yet his capacity for friendship was more than sufficient to put those of lesser stature at ease in his company. He was gentle in the truest sense of the word.

His first contact with Toc H was as a pupil of an affiliated school. Later he joined the Pembury, Kent, Branch. On the Kent Area Executive and the Tunbridge Wells District Team, of which he was Chairman for a number of years, Robin's qualities of leadership were quickly recognised.

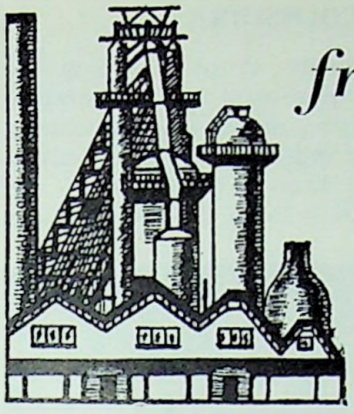
Relinquishing a promising career in insurance he joined the Toc H BAOR Services Clubs' staff in 1961 and demonstrated again a deep sense of purpose where personal relationships were concerned.

Three years later he went as staff member to Central Africa, an appointment he held until his death. It was only last year that he married Chrysta, whom he met in Germany, and she is left with a baby boy.

With a strong sense of humour and a charming and generous nature, Robin was a man of unshakeable conviction concerning the ultimate purpose of life and the primary importance of the Christian values by which he lived.

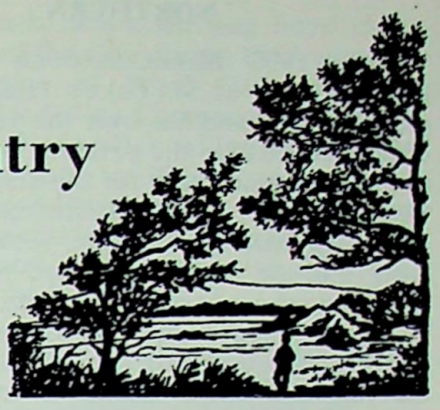
How many people first learned the joy of his friendship through his talent as a pianist will never be known. What is certain is that they will be joined by many others who, whilst mourning his passing, will rejoice that it was their privilege to have called him by the name of friend.

C. A. C.



from town *and* country

News from Areas



NOTTS & DERBY

Nearly fourteen years ago the then ARNOLD & WOODTHORPE Branch recruited teenagers with a view to forming and sponsoring a concert party to entertain hospital patients and others and to raise funds for good causes. This captured the imagination of the younger folk and "The Gang & Co" have been active ever since, with something like two hundred shows to their credit and a goodly sum raised for people in real need.

The members of The Gang have endless fun, gain confidence as individuals and give untold pleasure to their audiences. With weekly rehearsals for about eleven months of the year there is a real team spirit. It is interesting that at the start many youngsters have no apparent talent. There are attractive jobs for budding electricians, scenic artists and builders and other back stage workers.

With a constantly changing membership we have found it essential that there should be one person—a Toc H member or other responsible adult—who can provide a stabilising element. He can be of practical use too in arranging bookings and helping in many other ways.

The Gang's producer has now moved to Garforth, where he has initiated, amongst the youth group of St. Mary's Church, a similar group known as the Bright Ideas Concert Party. The Gang went over there recently and gave a concert in aid of the church's renovation fund and won the admiration of St. Mary's Youth Group.

STAN MARRIOTT

SURREY AND SUSSEX

If you were to take a trip along the south coast of Sussex, from East Sussex and the coast town of RYE, on to BEXHILL, EASTBOURNE, WORTHING and BOGNOR REGIS, you would be amazed at the amount of day-time Toc H activity there. You would find members now in 'retirement' working like beavers: staffing C.A.Bs, acting as Telephone Samaritans, organising youth quizzes (one of which will involve 120 youth organisations), caring for the lonely, visiting the 'shut ins', working at old folks' centres and homes for the handicapped, selling flags, reading news to the blind, taking cripples to football matches and clubs, and co-operating with the Council of Social Service in its many activities.

Some say that as the number of these men grows so the number of jobs tackled increases. The members of GORING-BY-SEA Branch are involved in most of these jobs, and others besides. Its nine members (two of whom are blind) have an average age of sixty-five. In 1966 the average went up by one year and the number of jobs tackled was doubled—so hats off to our senior members!

Perhaps the only place that has no retired members is SEAFORD, where the new group doubled its manpower in the past year. They meet for a meal in each other's homes once a month and on jobs between times, which included a party at DENTON Searchlight Workshops (for the handicapped) Branch, with a hundred members and friends present to join in their Miss World contest.

RAY FABES

NORTHERN

Since 1953 MIDDLESBROUGH Branch has been meeting at St. Luke's Hospital for the mentally sick and has over the years arranged entertainment for the patients. When in 1966 the Branch heard that for the first time ever, a Teesside Inter-Nation Industrial Eisteddfod was to be held on Teesside, with participants from Europe and the United States, it immediately thought of the patients at St. Luke's. A member approached the General Secretary of the Eisteddfod with the splendid result that on three evenings teams of overseas performers came to entertain the patients.

The first performance was out on the brightly decorated lawn. Young men and women in coloured suits and gay dresses from La Réole, France, sang and danced to the accompaniment of a quartet. On the second evening a packed audience in the concert hall was entertained by a Basque group with folk songs and dancing, including some wonderful sword dancing—this time accompanied by side drum and flute. On the final evening a mixed choir from Oslo sang unaccompanied.

The Oria-Bat Basque Folk Dancers from Bayonne at St Luke's. Photo: Alan Phillipson.

There was plenty of hard work, and the hospital staff was magnificent. Each evening the parties were entertained to supper, for which they sang their thanks. To crown it all by special permission the flag of the United Nations flew from the hospital flag staff.

LIONEL BIRKETT

LINCOLNSHIRE

Last month I wrote about a young lad GRANTHAM group sponsored for a course at Loch Eil. To tell you more, the lad chosen from a number of candidates by the selection committee of well known professional and business men was Neil Fenn. He is a clerk in

Neil Fenn receives his 'ticket' to Loch Eil. Photo: Grantham Journal.

the armaments section of British M.A.R.C. When only six Neil was stricken with polio, which left him with a slightly disabled right arm, but he has never allowed this to stand in the way of all kinds of vigorous activities.

By an administrative slip-up at the Loch Eil end Neil, in the senior age group, found himself on a course for juniors, but this had its compensations as it was decided to put him in the position of trainee instructor.

Neil himself writes: "The first week of the course consisted of two full days of canoeing, two full days of art, four one-day walks, a two-day and a three-day expedition putting into practice what I had learnt the first week. Though I wasn't exactly one of the team and missed out on the teamwork side, I gained some worthwhile and interesting knowledge working from the staff point of view, who, I may add, were a great bunch of people and helped me in every way possible.

I have certainly come back fitter than when I left. I think it has also given me a broader outlook on life. Apart from the course itself the scenery around the Centre was so fantastic

that it alone would have made the trip worthwhile."

The staff at Loch Eil have invited Neil to go back again next year for a free place in a senior group. Let's hope he makes it.

JACK PEATFIELD

BEDS & HERTS

The Jubilee Project of BLETCHLEY Branch comes into full blossom in May. In a corner of the newly laid out Rectory Gardens there is to be a special scented garden for the one hundred blind and partially blind of North Buckinghamshire. In May it will be officially opened by the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire who is also President of the Buckinghamshire Association for the Blind.

In the garden will be a variety of sweet smelling plants, rose bushes and trees, all with their braille labels which will be made by a local resident who is very interested in the project. The handrail has been bought and a Branch member is having the supporting brackets made at his place of work.

The Branch raised practically all the cost, £600, and through the interest of two of their teachers, pupils of Wilton School, Bletchley, have undertaken to raise a further £100 for the completion of the project. The pupils make donations towards the fund and in return are entertained by their fellows with lunch hour pop sessions, inter-house quizzes and dancing. They also staged a variety show at Christmas.

The garden was designed by a County Council landscape officer in his spare time, and a professional gardener has undertaken the planting. The garden will be cared for by Toc H members and their friends.

TED CURRY

KENT

Good wine needs no bush! HIGH BROOMS Branch, near Tunbridge Wells, has earned a great reputation for its influence on the surrounding community. At the Branch's most attractive Youth Centre to which has been added its own meeting room, built by the members themselves during Toc H Jubilee Year, the Branch runs a thriving boys' club. The members of the club during 1966 won the Kent Association of Boys' Clubs Angling Competition, Modelling Competition, and the Trophy for Courage after taking part in the walk from Margate to Maidstone, winning second, third and fourth places. Neither does the Branch neglect its old people who have the use of the Centre as a welfare club on afternoons during the week.

High Brooms Boys' Club champion anglers. Photo: Kent & Sussex Courier.

To the Old People's Welfare Club used to come an old gentleman in his wheelchair, who lived with his daughter nearby. And each morning on his way to work a member of the Branch would stop and have a chat with the old fellow. Both the daughter and father have died, and to its complete astonishment this one-time member of the Toc H Old People's Club has bequeathed to the Branch his entire estate, something well over £3,000.

The Branch has, for the time being, remitted the capital on loan to Toc H, and is using the interest for the well-being of old people.

C. P. C.

In the Know

Notes from the General Secretary

VICE-PATRON'S LETTER TO ALL BRANCHES. Area Chairmen's summaries of Branch replies are now being received but it is still too early to present a detailed picture either of trends or future plans. It is hoped to include a report in the March JOURNAL.

NEW YEAR HONOURS. Our congratulations to two Toc H Presidents — the Very Rev. George MacLeod, a former member of the Toc H staff in Scotland, on being created a life Baron, and Sir Charles Maclean, Chief Scout, a K.B.E. Also to Gordon W. J. Blackman, a member of Charleroi Branch, Belgium, on being made M.B.E.

W. FRED BROOKER, Western Regional team (Southern Area), has left the staff on his appointment as Welfare Organiser to the Hampshire Council of Social Service. We wish him well for the future.

HARRY BUCKLE, Talbot House Seafaring Boys' Residential Club, Southampton, has been appointed Honorary Area Correspondent, Southern Area.

DOR KNAP. Open Day on Spring Bank Holiday, May 29.

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE, 1967. Ex-Servicemen, relatives and friends interested in visiting the Dardanelles (Helles, Suvla and Anzac, *via* Istanbul and Troy) from May 15 to 23 are invited to ask for particulars from Thos. Cook & Son, Berkeley Street, London, W.1. (Ref: POD/TN/6066).

IONA IN SEPTEMBER. For details of a week's holiday on Iona, September 9 to 16, 1967, those north of the border are asked to write to Neil McNeil, 70 Broom Walk, Craigshill, Livingston, West Lothian. Sassenachs please apply to Johnnie MacMillan, The Toc H Centre, St. Andrew's Road, Montpelier, Bristol, 6.

WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT, 1967. On December 11 and 12, this will start and finish in Toronto, Eastern Canada.

The LONDON SPORTS at Battersea Park on Saturday, May 13, from 3 to 6 p.m.

CENTRAL COUNCILLORS have been asked to nominate their candidates for the new Central Executive by February 15. By the same date they are also asked to give notice of any motions they may wish to propose at the annual meeting in Derbyshire on April 15 and 16.

LANGDALE WEEK from June 10 to 17 for fit men wanting to walk and talk in the Lake District. The party will be accommodated at Weir Side, the Toc H Langdale Centre. Apply to Robin Seymour, Mill Row, Dunblane, Perthshire.

TOC H MARK XX, PUTNEY. The official opening of the new extension will be on Saturday, April 1.

BRANCH MEMBERS' ROLLS AND ACCOUNTS FORMS: All were due by January 15.

LOVE FROM JUDY. It is gratifying that as a result of the announcements in the November and December JOURNALS many Branches booked parties for this Scala Theatre production in aid of Toc H on Tuesday, February 21, and that after the issue of the usual leaflet all remaining tickets were quickly sold.

FRIGHTENING FIGURES. On an average day in Great Britain 59 people die as the result of accidents — 22 on the roads, 2 in other forms of travel, 4 at places of work, 24 in the home (imagine that, 24 people dying in home, safe home!) and 7 in everyday pursuits. This is Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents "Stop Accidents Year", a campaign in which we can all play our part.

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